

The Innis Herald



LAST ISSUE - March/April 1994



INNIS COLLEGE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Editorial

As I sit for the last time in the Herald office, writing my last editorial, I can't help but thank my lucky stars that, the Herald being what it is, I've never had to write a really serious editorial. So as not to shatter anyone's illusions, I won't attempt one now, seeing as it's getting warm out, and I can't think on sunny days.

We've got things in the works for next year, but just in case they fall through, I won't tell you what they are. What I *will* tell you is that Carolyn's taking over, and she's way cooler than I am, so things can only get better. Blitz will be with us again, where he belongs, spurring us on to revolutionize within and without, and we may even be able to get organized enough this summer to buy a coffee machine and mugs for the most faithful future Herald writers and staff.

Thanks to all who read and write.



Letters to the Editor

Judy -

The Innis Herald has an open letters policy. Letters must be signed and intelligent and legible and grammatical since we're not going to bother to edit them. Letters to the Editor should be addressed to:

The Editor, Innis Herald
2 Sussex Ave, Toronto ON M5S 1J5
or drop them in our mailbox at Innis College in room 127. What the hell, come up and see us in our office, room 305 in the West wing of Innis.

Dear Editor,

Last month's letter to the editor really pissed me off. Who the hell is Lisa Johnson and what has she done for Innis College lately? She's probably one of those people who just sit on their ass and criticize everyone else. The Herald staff rescued the paper from a near-death experience last year, and they've been doing a great job. If Lisa Johnson is too sexy for the Innis Herald then she should try running her own paper. I'm really embarrassed that someone with the same first name as me can have such stupid opinions.

Sincerely,
Lisa Simmonds
Innis College

I called; I came in person. What is the point of advertising office hours if you aren't here? I'm really not impressed with how you typed up my piece "Blake Fer Yer Face". You had how many weeks to edit it? I'm trying to be understanding - end of term and all of that - but, this really pisses me off. I've enclosed another copy of my original piece and edited the version you ran in the Herald. I can ignore the punctuation mistakes but you leave out words and phrases near the end so my piece makes no sense.

You don't have to publish this letter or anything. I don't even care if you run a correction in the next issue (if there is one). I hate to pile shit on top of shit after that letter to the editor in [the February] issue of the Herald, but you fucked up and lost any credibility you had with me. I'm not fuckin' impressed. That's all I can say.

Loretta Johnson

- This is addressed to Judy because she's the only one I know at the Herald - feel free to think this is also a criticism of the other Herald people.

Other Herald People's note: Thank-you, we will.

Judy's note: I had no idea I had any credibility to begin with, so to lose something I didn't know I had, well... no big deal. I found some more screw-ups that even Loretta missed; the story is reprinted on page 3. I dare anyone to find typos!

"Walk softly and carry a big Herald"

-Trea Macpherson

The Innis Herald is published (roughly) monthly by the Innis College Student Society. The opinions expressed herein are attributable only to their authors; no liability is attached to the Innis Herald, the Innis College Student Society, or to the printer. All material, however, must be free of sexist, racist, ageist, homophobic, libellous, or just plain dumb content.

If you have difficulty with any of the opinions herein, it is an Artifact of Your Own Being.

EXECUTIVES:

Editor-On-The-Way-Out
Judy Josefowicz

Editor-On-The-Way-In
Carolyn Fell

Submissions Coordinator
Diane Sidik

PR

Sally Ashcroft-Blake

NON-EXECS, BUT IMPORTANT PEOPLE NONETHELESS:

Reviews Coordinators
Ken Chasse, Minesh Mandola

Copy Editors

CONTRIBUTORS

Sally Ashcroft-Blake
Daniel Currie Hall
John Anderson
Ruba Nadda
Peter Smith
Huge Dare
Diane Sidik
damien boyes
Amandeep Dhillon
Dicrotic Pulse
Peter Blake
Fifi Duval
Jon Hunter
Joyce Yee

BIG BIG THANKS to Sally Ashcroft-Blake, Daniel Currie Hall, and Huge Dare, who managed to submit something (and get it published) each issue!

Random Thoughts



And You Thought You Were a Paranoid Flyer

by Sally Ashcroft-Blake

I was sitting in a 767 jumbo jet listening to other people's conversations, when I overheard a man praise the airline for providing new earphones for every flight. He was obviously ecstatic about the fact because he was seated in the rear of the plane (the end where everyone gets killed in disaster flicks) and I could hear him a full 30 rows ahead. What puzzled me even more was the lack of remonstrations that followed his joyous outburst. Wasn't anyone going to tell this poor man that the headsets were used? That he was probably the 26th person to use the same set? But apparently, everyone agreed with him. The whole damn plane. Fools.

I looked down at my set. It was still in its AIDS-proof cellophane package with the calming Canadian Airlines logo printed across. The wire attachment was neatly curled into a professional ball and the cheap aluminum head wire shone charmingly under the reading light. They certainly looked new. I began to have second thoughts. What if there was a huge factory in Milton that staffed hundreds of calisthenically-trained super-workers to make headsets for each and every Canadian Airlines passenger? What if that man in the suicide-section back there really spoke the truth? What if I was just a cynic?

Nah. It wasn't true. And even if it had been, Rae-economics would have put a quick end to it. Canadian simply could not afford new headsets. So they came up with Operation Cellophane to cover their less-than-hygienic tracks. Then they staffed their planes with silicone flight attendants in British Airways hand-me-downs to pass them out with feigned innocence. It was all a dirty con.

Well, I wasn't about to be conned. Not like those other passengers who actually entertained the idea of saving the earphones for emergency Christmas gifts. They stick them on their heads, plug them in and recline in their chairs to listen to the calming sounds of Suzy Bogguss. And all the time they're thinking - *Hey! Virgin earphones. I'm currently flying in a wax-free zone. Are they really that naïve? And then a thought came to me. Nobody on this plane is naïve... everyone is being brainwashed!*

In order to erase any remaining doubt about the true origin of the headsets, the bigwigs at Canadian came up with a clever scheme, known to M15 as Operation Subliminal. It was all so very simple, and all so very dastardly. I began to imagine the undetectable voice beneath the musical score...

Good afternoon folks, this is your Public Relations Officer speaking. At this time I would like to thank you for believing in our new-headset scam. Quite ingenious, don't you think? Of course, it was my invention. At first I took the plan to Air Canada, but they were too "government" to see its particular merits. Ugh huan... Anyway... These are in fact NEW headsets. They are NOT recycled at the end of each flight, nor are they washed in the same sink as the china-ware. They are absolutely brand-spanking new; cleansed by Swedish naturalists, contain no additives or preservatives, and are guaranteed to be 100% molecularly pure. They are also NOT Sony rip-offs manufactured off-off Japan in some obscure Pacific-rim country. That was a dirty lie spread by a communist mole from the OTHER airline. Don't worry, we've taken care of him.... Thank you for flying Canadian Airlines and remember: they're NEW NEW NEW NEW NEW NEW NEW NEW NEW NEW NEW...

I ripped my headset out of the plug and flung it onto the floor. They weren't going to get me! I could see there was no hope for the others. Everyone was gazing into space with a doped look, calmly eating dinners that were probably laced with cyanide. Oh God. Where were the doors? I was about to wrench myself free of the seat when I realized their final coup - there was no way out. Tantalizing exits with nothing but sky to jump into. I was trapped. My body went limp.

After a few moments a smiling stewardess stopped by with the drinks cart. I turned to her weakly. We both knew the game was up. *Coffee or tea?* she asked. *They're not new,* I said. *The headsets. They've been used before.* She smiled back. *Of course. But we sterilize them after each flight and repackage them for customer satisfaction. Was that tea you wanted?*

I took the tea and slumped back into my seat.

We screwed up. We are lazy, good-for-nothing slobs who don't know how to edit. (There were LOTS of mistakes in here.) This is how Loretta Johnson's story *should* have read:

Blake Fer Yer Face

by Loretta Johnson

I was walking to class the other day thinking are the tygers of wrath really wiser than the horses of instruction? when this guy comes up to me and says what a nice day it is. Which gets me thinking about perception. Are we only limited to our five senses or is there some sense beyond them with which we can perceive the world? Should I tell this idiot that it isn't a nice day out - it's a bloody rotten day - or should I let the fool persist in his folly until he becomes wise? Who am I to say that his perception of the world is inferior to mine? After all, the fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees.

I nod at him vaguely and he starts talking about hair care products. Did I wash my hair a lot, was I dissatisfied with the performance of my current hair care products, could he interest me in his particular line of personal grooming solutions? I say solutions to what. He says solutions to moisturize and enrich dry brittle hair, a common condition in the winter.

Which gets me thinking about the acid solutions used in infernal engraving. To break out of the five limited caverns of the senses, one must burn through the stone to the other side of the mind, creating new spaces, new views. But even then that space is never enough because one thought fills immensity. Understanding death is the same process: to go into the grave and dig it deeper and deeper until you emerge on the other side. You never know what is enough unless you know what is more than enough; the road to excess leads to the palace of wisdom.

The guy shows me coloured bottles, extolling the virtues of the liquids within but all I can think is why must God provide for the lion if the fox provides for himself? Is it because one law for the lion and ox is oppression that the lion and the fox must be dealt with separately? But what about equality then? Can it only exist between those who are the same - all lions, all foxes, all oxen - but not between lions and foxes or foxes and oxen? They are all animals after all. Why do their differences carry more weight than their similarities?

Then it comes to me. It is the fear that similarities will cover up the differences - suppress the various forms of perception - that makes the emphasis on differences so necessary. This does not mean that the lions and foxes cannot learn from each other; if the lion was advised by the fox, he would become cunning. But no benefit can come from suppressing diversity.

Was I listening to him, the guy asks. Haircare is not a subject to be trivialized. He goes on about his products as I look at my watch and realize my class is half over. O to submit to the tyranny of salesmen. The eagle never lost so much time as when he submitted to learn of the crow. But why, then, does the lion benefit from the fox's instruction? The matter was too complex. I finally tell him I'm not interested and he starts swearing at me, following me down the street, derogatory slurs pouring from his mouth like slime. I ignore him; there is no point in becoming angry. As the air to a bird or the sea to a fish, so is contempt to the contemptible. One should expect poison from standing water, anyway.

Caught in the essay crunch?

Deadlines closing in?

We have a plan

Innis Writing Centre

Room 322 978-4871

We won't work wonders.

You'll work wonders.

Innis Writing Centre

Room 322 978-4871

Confessions of a Snooze Junkie, or How I Learned That, Well, There Just May Be A Merciful God(I'm Not Too Sure Yet)

by damien boyes

It all began early on a comparatively warm February morning. The windchill was a slight minus thirty-two, a welcome relief to the utterly hostile weather we had been having, so I decided to brave the elements and battle my way to classes as I hadn't been in a few weeks (ya, ya, I know, taking my education seriously and all that, but it was *cold*). Is it just me or does anyone else think that Yonge St. was actually created to be the world's longest wind tunnel... anyway I eventually made it to McLennan Labs for my first class of the day, Astronomy.

Today was the day that we were to get back our first assignments of the term and I had to wait for all 150 names to be called and the assignments to be passed out before the lecture actually began. Now, my sleep habits, such as they are, permit me to get about four or five hours a night, so as I sat there and waited for my project I dozed intermittently. It was that non-voluntary snoozing that stealthily sneaks up on you and the next thing you know your head slamming against your chest jerks you awake. The people around you stifle giggles and point. It's kind of embarrassing at times but what can you do? Anyhow I eventually got my assignment back (I got a B... thank you, thank you) and the lecture began. Well the content was something about atoms and protons but that's not important so I'll jump to the end. It had just concluded and I was packing up my notes to head out when the teacher made a comment. I disregarded it at first, as I do most comments uttered at the end of class, but its importance struck me instants later. He said, "Anyone who hasn't yet got their test back should come up to the front and get it."

I stood for a moment, frozen, the word "test" bouncing around my head like a neon-green superball in a small, black room. I had no idea what he was talking about. "What test? When? The test isn't 'til next Wednesday... right?"

I swooned, my head reeling, and sank back into the desk, stunned. My head darted around the room, searching desperately for anyone else that looked as surprised or confused as I was sure I did. No one else seemed upset, they were calmly gathering their little things and quietly leaving like good little kids on their way to another highly critical class on the road to an all-important education that would result in a better life in the real world. But then they hadn't blown astronomy.

Had I really missed the term test, thirty-five percent of my mark puffed as I lay innocently sleeping at home, hidden from the prying fingers of winter, when I should have been in class?

And then I was sure.

I had missed the test.

I ransacked my notebook, rummaging frantically through thousands of loose sheets for the course outline, needing some proof, some type of final validation to confirm what I already knew. I finally found the elusive paper, evidence of my horrible misfortune, and, with much trepidation, my eyes scanned the paper to the test date.

The first word leapt from the page, mocking me and I swore I could hear laughter.

WEDNESDAY - and for a split second, an excruciatingly long, horrifying second, my fears were confirmed. I was going to fail my first University class. And a bird class at that. The awful shame. How could I show my face at school again. I would be a laughing stock, forever known as 'the-guy-who-blew-the-bird-class'. The test had been last Wednesday.

My stomach shivered, lost its moorings and plummeted into my feet. My eyes blurred and I exploded into a cold sweat. Hands shaking, my throat tightened until it was all I could do to emit a pathetic wheeze as I tried to make sense of my predicament and read on:

FEBRUARY - my stomach reversed and leapt up into my throat constricting my breathing further. The world began to blacken, this was it, I was about to pass out, my god... how pitiful. Then, through a haze of murkiness I finished reading the date:

9th. I believe I may have actually lost consciousness for a moment or two and when I came to my jaw was hanging agape. A thin line of drool was trickling from the corner of my slackened mouth to create a slick pool of disbelief on the desk. I had missed the test, somehow, somehow, I had missed the test. It was on the 9th and I missed it. The thought of suicide fluttered across my sanity and I was wondering how I would be able to talk my way out of this one when a thought slammed into my head like an eighteen-wheeler into a guy who is walking for gas on the 401 in the middle of the night... today was only the 7th. Only the 7th of February, not the 9th, not the 9th! I hadn't missed it after all.

The heavens split asunder and I was bathed in a golden light as a choir of angels began to sing a praise to god and his glory. I sank to my knees and thanked the lord above for his divine intervention, for saving my poor, humble, wretched soul from the damnation and everlasting hellfire I had brought upon myself. I vowed never again to skip class, never to swear, drink or smoke again, and never to use the lord's name in vain. I pledged my life to helping others in need, the weak, the helpless, the powerless. Yes, I would become a preacher, I would volunteer to help the mentally ill and together we would make the world a better place for us and for our children and... then I thought, "uh, ya... I knew all along I hadn't missed the test", skipped English and went home for a drink (sure, like you've never drank before eleven).

A Number of (Four) Variations Upon a Well-Known Theme by the Rev. Mr. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, Composed by Imagining Said Theme to Have Originated with Various Other Worthy Persons of Letters

By Daniel C. Hall

Jabberwocky
by Emily Dickinson

'Twas brillig—and the slithy toves—
Did gyre and gimble—in the wabe—
All mimsy—were the borogoves—
And the mome raths—outgrabe.

Jabberwocky
by Tom Stoppard

—It was brillig.
—Isn't it still?
—Isn't what?
—Brillig.
—But what?
—It.
—Which?
—You said it was brillig.
—When?
—Just now.
—What?
—Brillig.
—Did I?
—Didn't you?
—I can't remember.

Jabberwocky
by Virginia Woolf

'Twas brillig. The sundial
announced this inevitability with a
tone of authority that went
scrolloping through the wabe,
where toves of the slithiest order
gyred and gimble. 'Twas brillig!
All mimsy, were the borogoves?
Brillig! And the mome raths
outgrabe.

Jabberwocky
by e.e. cummings

twas brill (& the
slithy
toves
did
gyre
&
gimble
in
the wabe) ig
all mimsy
were
the borogoves (& the m
o
m
e
raths
outgrabe)

THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE HAVE WON PINBALL AWARDS FOR OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUIONS TO INNIS

GEORGE OJAMBO
FRANK KOCIS
PETER SMITH
JOYCE YEE
CAROLYN FELL
STEVE BARBER
BRIAN KENNEDY
AMANDEEP DHILLON
ORUE KIM
JEAN VESIK
DAN ROCHMAN
MIKE CAHAK



Going North Somewhere

by Ruba Nadda

I couldn't breathe.

I came in with the coffee tray and laid it on the table. The old women around me were talking. It was raining outside and the humidity level was high. The cigarette smoke bothered my eyes and I had to close them for a second. Opening them again, I saw my aunt tap her ashes on the table. They sipped their coffee, I watched mine turn cold. It was very, very hot. I could feel the sweat trickling down my back. I wanted to press my nose against the window pane. A man came in and gave my aunt a telegram. He glanced my way. He knew I was young. I was completely covered, there was no skin exposed. I watched him leave.

I excused myself in a low voice. My aunt gave me a suspicious look. The others weren't completely covered. You could see their faces. I guess it was because they were old. I doubt anybody would have sexual urges looking at them. She told me not to take too long. I was under her protection. My mother in law was out of town with her son.

I took another path and made my way down the hallway. Running my hand along the banister, I passed the huge gold mirror and flew down the stairs. I caught a full view of what I looked like. Pretty sinister. The foreign girls always stared. I didn't like people staring at me. They thought I was backwards. They didn't know I wanted to be the sand that slipped through my fingers.

I found what I was looking for. He was standing near the front door, which was opened. A cool breeze was coming in. I walked up to him. He, shocked, took a step back, then noticing the rain stopped.

"Hello."

My voice came out muffled because the veil was hiding my face.

"I can't talk to you."

"You just did." I took a step closer to him. I was numb. I knew if they caught me they'd do what they did to my friend. She's dead now. They locked her up in a small white room with no windows. For years and years.

He was a young man, this man in front of me, in his early twenties.

I took his hand and started to rub it and rub it and rub it. It turned deep red because my glove was thick and coarse. He was breathing hard. There was a pounding in my body that made me wonder if he could hear it.

He made to sidetrack me but I moved in his way and his arm brushed against my chest. I smiled.

"I think I should go now."

"No."

I ran my fingers along the side of his face. He was paralyzed.

"You know," I said, moving closer to him and backing him up against the wall, "we could get into a lot of trouble for this."

"Your aunt is going to come down any minute -"

"I don't care," and I didn't, you know.

"Please, you're scaring me."

I laughed. I laughed very hard. There was lightning. In the background. I looked away for a quick second. The rain started to hit harder, splashing me. I wanted to feel it on my skin but I heard voices and I turned back. When I looked at him again, he was staring at me. I took his hand and we went into the washroom and I locked the door. It was my aunt and the other women. They were asking who had opened the door and let the rain in. It would ruin the expensive couches. I could feel the sweat pour down the side of my face.

I turned to him. I could feel his breath and I liked the lines around his mouth.

"Why did you have the door opened?"

"I don't remember."

I took off my gloves. My white hands looked strange and alien. I looked at them. He took them and kissed them. My aunt and the other women took a seat out on the expensive couches.

I backed away and removed my cloak. I was wearing a loose white dress. My long hair was stuck to my face and back.

The world was falling out of my view.

He didn't move or look away. I could smell his smell and I reached out and touched his face. I felt his hand on the back of my neck. I kissed his eyes and my head began to swim. I could hear THEIR laughter. I closed my eyes and disappeared for a while. He pushed me up against the wall. Nothing existed. That's how I wanted it to be. I was being lifted up and up and up. It was like walking out into the pouring rain. Going north somewhere.

I want someone who'll write my name in the sand because right now I feel like the stones that are buried beneath the sea.

A Story About Video Games

by Huge Dare

"God! I hate this!" shouted Bill as he threw himself downward.

"Whoa! Calm down, big fella! What's the problem?" replied Mel, who sat across from him.

"All of this! Life! I hate life itself!" shouted Bill, as he took a deep breath. His chest expanded and his cheeks pouted outwards. "But most of all, I hate this job!"

"It's not that bad." His friend Mel continued, "You have something to do each day, a decent routine with decent pay. What's wrong with that?"

"You think that's enough? You think that's enough for life? What are you, blind? No one cares about us! We're nobody! Another face in the crowd! We work, we struggle to fit in and who gives a fuck? No one, that's who!"

Mel scratched his nose. He always scratched his nose when he was perplexed with a problem or had to deal with an uncomfortable situation. His eyebrows narrowed as he watched Bill quiet down. He sighed and spoke.

"What do you think YOU want from all this, then? Do you have any plan or something?"

Bill was flushed. His cheeks were red and his eyes seemed to naturally flare. His fists slowly unclenched.

"I dunno. Maybe, I'm lonely. Yeah, that's it! Remember Lyle? Remember when he got hooked up with that other crowd?"

"Yeah, but now he's..."

"Now he's happy!" interrupted Bill. "That's what I've got to do! I need to meet some new people! You know what the problem is with people around here?"

"What, Bill?"

"No one here appreciates me! One day I'm going to leave this shithole and then I'll be happy! Each day is the same; get up, get down to work, go home. And just when you think you're actually doing something useful, someone above you screws up and everyone below gets ignored! And then you have to start from scratch all over again!"

"It's not that bad."

But Bill, in his own way, was correct. One day, he found himself among new faces. Not all new, some were old friends and family. Eventually, Bill was happy and he left the company. He was never content with his work, but that's life in a game of Tetris.

An Entire Novel in a Haiku

by Peter Blake

Dark and stormy Night
Sex made love-child greed murder
The butler did it

Haiku Version of the Grapes of Wrath

by Peter Blake

Dust bowl long road trip
Boy, California sucks
Watch that baby float

I Saw A Gory Murder Bringing Out The Guns

by Fifi Duval

The band kept pumpin' some spooky rockin' blues, an' people started screamin'. The gunshots'd apparently shaken up a few patrons. By this point, I'd been given a shot o' instant sobriety courtesy o' my bod's adrenaline... although I hadda close one eye to aim properly when I was gettin' that one-legged bastard in my sights 'cause I was still seein' double. The gin Al the gangster gave me really knocked me on my ass. Speakin' o' bein' on yer ass, my friend Ben had pulled me behind a table which he'd flipped over. Bullets were whizzin' thru the air, or it seemed so, anyway. It was hard t' tell what was goin' on with the music blarin' and the red and white strobe lights flashin', givin' a kinda "Flashdance" effect, man. What a feelin'!

Well, I was startin' t' worry about my bro'. I couldn't see him anywheres; musta lost 'im in th' confusion after the first shots were fired. Who fired 'em? Did that man with one leg try and shoot my lil' bro Harrison in the washroom? Or did my lil' bro fire at him first? Maybe Hair recognized the man with one leg as the man who broke into our house, whose leg I shot off with Pa's shot gun. This whole mess had turned into a sinkhole... the harder we tried to solve the mystery o' the murder we'd seen in the swamp, the more trouble we got into. Goddang! So here we were, crouched behind a table on the floor of a ritzy joint in the French Quarter, tryin' t' blast our way out. An' where was Al the gangster?

I put all these questions on the back burner o' my mind (I reckoned somethin' was burnin' back there. Too much gin, I s'pose.) I took aim and blew out two strobes so my eyes could focus better. Lo an' behold, there was my lil' bro Hair peekin' out from behind the bar. There was no sign o' the one-legged man. But I won't forget the sight o' him: a silhouette in the doorway o' the men's john, with a wooden leg and a hat. Just like a pirate. It was truly scary. An' how he disappeared so fast... Weird.

My best pal Leez shook me by my shoulder. She was standing over me with both pistols out, and a butt clenched between her teeth. A mist of sweat had appeared on her forehead.

"Let's go!" she shouted over the music. I hailed Hair and the four of us ran outta there, too drunk t' look back. We jumped the valet for our keys an' flew home, high as kites.

i saw a man touching the sunset

by Ruba Nadda

I saw a man watching the sunset
disillusioned i decided to follow
him
little did i know he would break
my heart

when i finally caught up to him
we talked about things and things
and i believed him i thought he
was being
straight he was into the things that
mattered like running after the
sunset
and while we talked over the
thunder
and watched the moon roll by
he told me he was flattered
and i disturbed by this said

"you can never touch the sunset!"
but he smiled and walked away
i wanted to tell him not to turn
away so fast
but he was too ahead for me to
catch up
and losing control i wanted to be a
train
that would never stop BUT i'm not

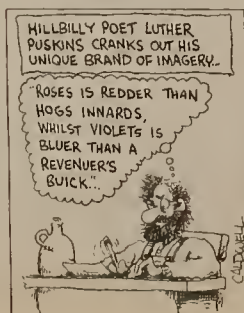
and like a thunderbolt i crashed.

Rö'lein Rot

by Dicrotic Pulse

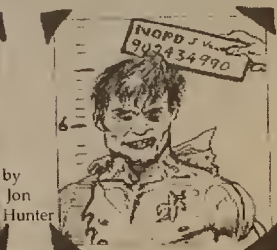
When I review the crisp rows of
petals
Parading round with flags
unfurled,
I wonder at how delicate, how
fragile
They are not. Crimson governor of
hearts,
Show compassion for your
unwilling subject,
Who kneels to lay his head upon
the block,
But does not care for axes.

It was a rose sent Rilke to his rest.
The poet, stung, recoiled, reclined,
And gently died. Forgive, forgive,
For I could crush you in one hand
That your sweet blood might scent
my touch,
But you could crush me twice as
fine
Yet stay as white as ever.



When we got back into th' boathouse, Leeza said that it was all gettin' so dangerous an' there was only one thing left t' do: call on the Crazy Vandall Brothers. They were the bike gang called th' Bastards, bootleggers, drug an' arms dealers round these parts... and they was Cajun, o' course! "By the grace o' God" as they say. The bro's were only half-bro's, cause they had dif'rent papas. They lived alone in a spooky o' mansion not too far from us, 'cause their ma ran off on 'em about ten years ago. Both were huge, at least six feet, with wild eyes. The oldest was Jaques, who's pa'd been a biker who'd been murdered fo' somethin' or other about twenty years back. The boys'd been born only a year apart. Loup was the younger one. His pa was an ex-NFLer, who peddled Cajun butter tarts on TV an' lived in Nashville. The bro's only remembered what he looked like from seein' him on TV. They loved livin' alone, though. They could do as they damn well pleased, and they did. They weren't called the Crazy Vandall Brother's fo' nothin', a gang of two. They'd never known no restraint and they sure as hell weren't subtle, but we agreed that was what we needed right about now. So we jumped in the boat and headed over to the Vandall mansion... Too bad ya'll can't come along this time. Well, another adventure is just beginning. But that's life down here in Louisiana. If you're ever in N.O., why doncha look me up. Stop by the Café du Monde and have a beignet, or try Bourbon Street, where they sell Hurricanes. Y'know I'll be spinnin' my tall tales.

An' don't forget yo' pistols!
See ya around. Love, Fifi



The most recent photo o' th' CRAZY VANDALL
BROS we got for ya.

The Modern Wrkforce Of Tday

by Peter Smith

The rain on the windows of the
streetcar as it goes
down College St. keeps me from
seeing outside.
This is because the streetcar is
actually
travelling backwards in time to the
days
when you could take a streetcar to
another town
"the Inter-Urban" lines to
Peterborough and Guelph
are gone now; took too much work
to keep them running,
I suppose, but that's the way it goes
these days.

I'm starting to wonder just exactly
what
it is that I'll be doing when I'm all
through here.
It seems that nobody needs people
to do things;
jobs are getting scarcer with no end
in sight,
Politician's promises
notwithstanding.
And after all, who needs to hire a
man when
you can buy a mechanical slave
who's not part of the Union.

When the Inter-Urbans ran people
just accepted that
it just took labour to get things done
a young man with two hands could
find work somewhere
and he was just lazy if he didn't have
a job.
Now I have to compete with folks
who have worked
for twenty years at a job I want but
never did.

'Work Experience' seems to be a
conspiracy
to keep guys like me out of a job.

But if there's no room for my
generation
in the modern workforce of today
something's got to change in the
way we think
before the older folks send us all off
to war somewhere.
They think that will whip my lazy
ass into
some sort of shape; I get no
sympathy from people with work;
It's my fault I'm broke, I must want
it that way.
Well, someday I'll meet you in the
Welfare line, pal;
don't expect me to be nice then.

The rich folks are getting chintzier
about the dole
they earned their money; why
should they share
with the broken people of the
modern age.
How many people do you think you
could hire
instead of flying to Europe and
buying German cars.
Instead you make the government
cut spending;
we can't have your taxes go up, can
we?

I'll stay on this streetcar for a while
until I get to that barbaric time
when it took ten men to do one
man's job.
You won't call me lazy; I'll find a job
for ten bucks a week (which was a
lot in those days)
I'll work on the old assembly line
happy, knowing I'm working to give
my kids a better future than I had.

Language: A Parable

by Daniel Currie Hall

The People wanted a language. Naturally, being a telepathic society, they had no real need for such a thing, but they had heard of other cultures who went in for languages, and it looked like it could be fun. Besides, someday they might want to communicate with other Peoples, and it would be unfair to expect another civilization to try to learn telepathic communication; it would probably take several generations before they were capable of anything more than small-thought about the weather and such.

But the People had also observed some of the negative side-effects of linguistic communication. Individuals in speaking societies used their words for all sorts of fabrications, prevarications, equivocations, and so forth. The sense of community was destroyed. So, in order to protect themselves from suffering the same fate, the People decided to create a language in which untruth would be a grammatical impossibility.

With an eye to this concern, and to what they expected they would want to say once they began to use their new language, the People came up with their first word: *mlukwi*, or *I speak*.

This accomplishment was very satisfying, and for a few weeks they did nothing but wander through the streets, proudly pronouncing to one another, *mlukwi! mlukwi!*

After a while, the novelty wore off, and so they set themselves to the task of coming up with another word, preferably one that would constitute an appropriate reply.

The obvious suggestions were made. Someone thought of creating a past tense, to generate the form *mlukwal*, or *I spoke*. Someone else came up with the future tense, *mlukwo*. But these were rejected on the grounds that the future was unknowable, and the past liable to be forgotten. The People were after absolute truth.

Someone suggested adding a second person; the word *mlukwis* might mean *You speak*. But this, too, was rejected. For in order to make the statement true, the speaker would have to interrupt someone else, and that would be impolite. Besides, how could anyone be prevented from abusing the language and saying *mlukwis* to a silent person? No, *mlukwis* was definitely too risky.

Then one particularly shrewd individual pointed out that, after all, the entire universe as perceived by the People could be an illusion, or, worse yet, a tremendous practical joke, and that it was therefore probably safer on the whole to say *thekkyi mlukwi*, or *I think I speak*. One couldn't be too careful.

But someone else was quick to point out that even the act of thinking could be called into question, as had been demonstrated by many philosophers of that age, and so it would be safer still to amend the one statement in the People's vocabulary to *thekkyi thekkyi mlukwi*, or even just *thekkyi thekkyi*. Upon which it immediately became clear that this sort of thing could go on forever, and, as no one really wanted to spend a lifetime working on an endless stream of *thekkyis*, the People decided to express their general skepticism by using the subjunctive: *thaakyyi*.

So for a while the People went around saying *Thaakyyi* to one another, with the requisite accompanying facial expressions signifying extreme doubt. Eventually they tired of this, and they came to the consensus that after one has said *Thaakyyi* four hundred thirty-five times, the four hundred thirty-sixth utterance is just redundant. So they stopped speaking.

To be continued...

Poems

by John Anderson

Skyfragment

there are tallmasted ships stranded in trees
of the fir forest faraway,
and landed on mountains misty green mountains
the ships sway in wind stand silent in rain
experienced metalwork masterful woodcarving
masts are treetrunks swans are the figureheads,
still intact sails sewn with heraldic patterns
sails fluttering flags whispering
magic among the leaves majestic in the sky,
once navigated by nameless sailors
through the clouds from palace to pavilion,
when midsummer fire flies flew alongside,
in the fir forest faraway

The Sea Scientist

Phulassos crouches on the cliff's edge
near his tottering telescope on a tripod of wood,
notebook on his knee spectacles before his eyes
his face is hard his hand is steady
wearing an overcoat his armour of warmth
rainy cold weather rough windy weather
he stares at the sea stormy and vast
waiting for the first crab to rise from the foam.
he is sure of his forecasting, the scientist of the sea,
he would check it every night, eagerly and often.
the crabs will creep crawling and small
but the later ones big barnacled and beaten
the size of a cave the final crustacean.
mysterious and magical, ashore for a month
then heavy and huge, heave back to the sea.

Cobblestone Balloon

a colour clown in the courtyard now weaving her wavy ribbons
on a moon of tinsel, a wheel of rust, a wicker dragon
her spangled skyful of bright balloons
and flower vines curling over the morning moist stones
dancing madly across the pavement like a laughing glance
and garlands hanging from the flagstones down into the mist
where the oceans tumble ragged and cold
off the rim of the universe

Alice Pursued By Skulls

i am lonely,
trapped in words,
running through rooms slowly
where voices ring like knives and forks,
sharp, rattled together in drawers,
nails, steel, bones, anger,
only family machines of blood,
and thinking is painful, pain is a room,
the cold floors, the wooden doors, bare,
the beds, the wardrobes, curtainquies,
silence sobs for a wound to yell from
i am alice in her fossilized house,
alice pursued by skulls
and the white rabbit chased through an empty hall
by a skeletal pair of scissors

The Flooded Tuth Of Maplines

a friend called me today
"fish travelling west, eighty-nine hertz," she said,
so i dont read to her any more.
i passed the man with the windup key in his back
who sells pale pieces of felt every day
as i gravitated to the centre of the universe
the buildings were covered with seaweed
crabs crawled about the government office maze
salty ocean lapped the statues
and in the mist huge enigmatic things swayed.
i got what i came for and returned home
and went to sleep, and the maids
folded up the day, and locked it away
in a secret drawer.

Walk with the Earth

FOR THE DAY OF THE FORESTS

Saturday, April 23, 12 noon, meet at Metro Square

Walk to Queen's Park along University Avenue

in a rally to stop the destruction of our forests

Music! Speakers! Displays!

FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL 599-0152

A Story About Washrooms

By Huge Dare

It was a hot time, that midday afternoon in the summer. The kind of hot that made you wish you had a portable fan attached to your cranium. A day so hot that you asked people to give you the cold shoulder. A day so hot that if you were covered in butter you would be making a soft sizzling sound. My name is Friday. I'm a pizza delivery guy...

It started off as a regular day, nothing too fancy happening at the office. The only exciting thing that happened so far was some quack ordered sweet peppers and black olives on the same pizza. Don't these amateurs know anything? You never order something salty and sweet on the same pizza. It ruins the taste buds. But hey, who am I to tell what other people should like.

My girl Wednesday called up on the cellular. She's a great gal. The type of gal that made you wonder why she's hanging with a schmoe like you. Me, I wonder big time. She was out teaching another swim class at the time when she called. Her soft perky voice played out of the telephone like a Stradivarius violin.

"Hey sweet cheeks," I said in a casual manner. "Sweet cheeks" had been her nickname ever since I glimpsed the dimple on her God-given rear. I don't know why, but it reminded me of a set of delicious red apples. First temptation? Who knows.

"I'm calling to remind you to deliver that pizza to 6th and highway 401. That order was left on the answering machine, remember? Do you know what time it's supposed to be there?"

"Yeah, I know. I have it right here," I said as I fumbled through the paperwork on my desk. I pulled out a small patch of paper from the bottom of the heap. A yellow scrap written "Deliver by 4 pm".

"Four o'clock, right?" I said as I tucked the scrap in pocket.

"That's right. Swim class is about to start, so I'll talk to you later today. Mwah!"

She made that annoying kissing sound. I hate that. You'd think she was trying to tease some dumb squirrel or something. One of these days a squirrel is going to go nuts and attack her. But I was never the type to ponder on such things, so why start now?

I packed up the pizza that was meant to be delivered. A standard double cheese, double hot pepper, double the crust pizza. I put it in a bag and took off towards the address. The place wasn't too hard to find. It was in the middle of a community centre. I passed by a bunch of poor kids studying for some exam outside on the picnic benches. One of the bunch started screaming "Calculus! Why are you doing this to us!?" and proceeded to start throwing donuts up onto the field.

I've seen a lot of weird stuff in my day. This was nothing too outrageous. I remember having to deliver a dozen pizzas to some guy with pony tail who would do nothing all day but play hacky sack with a stuffed rabbit. Cute rabbit, too.

I went inside and asked at the reception desk where I could find this mysterious 'Huge Dare'. The receptionist looked like she was in a bad way. Shaking like a vibrator bed gone haywire, you could tell that her diet was composed of only cigarettes and coffee.

She quietly pointed towards the sign of the washrooms. Her finger shaking as she attempted to keep it still. She immediately stopped and began to down another cup of java.

I checked my wristwatch. The time was five minutes before four. I decided to go to the washroom and deliver the pizza. 'On time delivery pizza' is the name, and it's true to the word. Otherwise my name is mud. And it ain't.

Everything was fine until this man in a big trench coat appeared behind me down the hall. He was the half crazed type. The type I don't like to mess with. He looked directly at me and began to rant, "Sugar!!! You've got some chocolate, don't you?" I pulled out my revolver and shot him twice in the kneecaps. Eat some of that, pal.

I looked over to the washroom hallway. Dammit, I hate these new architect designs these days. A damn lava pit was in the way! A stupid, friggin' lava pit! I couldn't believe there was a live volcano here, let alone the stupid pit. Ugh. I've crossed a few lava pits in my day, so I made a running start and leaped. Dammit! I should've stuck with those aerobic classes! I missed the edge of the pit by at least half. But luckily for me, someone had tied a rope to ceiling for me to grab onto. Reminds me of the time I had to deliver a pizza to a pair of hippos in the zoo, but that's a different story.

After my brief encounter with the pit of destruction, I had finally made it to the washroom door. It was a pitiful looking thing, just barely over two feet tall. I tucked the pizza box between my legs, went down on my hands and knees and crawled inside.

Inside, the washroom was crowded with people. Not just ordinary people either. These were the lowlives of the city, bizarre crazed yo yo's that wandered in and never found their way out.

I didn't belong and didn't want to stay. I called out, "Is there a Huge Dare here?"

A voice responded from behind one of the stalls. A long cellular antenna stuck out from the top of the doorway. The door popped open and I saw the infamous Huge Dare.

Huge Dare had a reputation in the pizza delivery world. He was known for being the biggest, toughest, kick ass mother on the face of the planet. Inside, I saw a scrawny pathetic looking creature that didn't look able to stand. This was Huge Dare?

"Friday." A dark and sinister voice muttered from the sitting figure. It was the voice I recognized, that voice belonged to none other than the evil Vegetarian Vince. The darkest lowlife of the city, he was known for swindlin' delivery boys of their hard-earned dough. Somewhere along the line, Vince figured if he took out all the delivery guys, he would have his own little monopoly.

"You ought to take the name and number of who orders your pizzas. Don't worry, this will be painless, get his cash and uniform boys!" said the vegester.

I was set up. A scam. A trip wire. A wild goose chase. A manicure. A set up. No, I said that already. A turkey. A Goodyear blimp. An airplane. An intergalactic voyage, out to find new life and new civilizations. A... what was I talking about?

Oh yeah, Vegetarian Vince and his two thugs were upon me. They were a tough looking lot, big and strong; but none too bright. So I did the look behind you routine.

"Hey, look behind you!" I shouted, pointing my finger outwards.

The trio turned around in unison, like a set of clockwork cogs they turned around.

Suckers! I gave one of the biffs a swift punch to the back of the head. He collided into Vince and into the other bozo, just like a trio of bowling pins. Tumbling backwards, they crashed into each other. I smiled and said, "Sorry Vince. But this time, you're going down!"

Vince had pulled this trick before on another delivery guy. And I'm no fool, I purchased call display some time ago and I knew it was Vegetarian Vince who ordered that pizza. I knew his voice remember? The police were waiting just outside.

Vince was sentenced to 7 years imprisonment on the pizza boy reform isle. It was a small island designated for such horrible criminals of crime, in the hopes that they would change their ways. As for me? Well, let's just say I'm busy delivering a mushroom pepper pizza. My name's Friday, and I deliver.

Safe

by John Anderson

I don't sleep I ramble.

Kristin Hersch

I'm afraid of going to sleep. I lock the door but they still get in - it seems that one locked door is not enough. I will have to install a second door. My housemates tell me not to worry, but I do.

Every night I am abducted. I fall asleep in my room, and wake up outside on some park bench. Since I live in the city, my neighbourhood is infested with street people - sitting on my doorstep, lying on the sidewalk. I can't go to the store without bumping into at least ten of them. They come in during the night and steal my covers, and since I'm still in bed they pick me up and carry me outside. I used to wake up while being carried, but I lost a lot of sleep that way. I have learned to sleep through it, and I awake outside, cold and sore.

I tell my housemate Alex that we must get better locks for the doors. "We will," he says, then pulls his fedora down over his eyes and slouches outside. "Don't worry," says Marcella, my other housemate. "Those people are harmless. They're more frightened than you are." Then she hoists herself up on a winch through a hole in the ceiling.

Obviously I will receive no assistance from them. I set out into the city to find a solution. The street people stare at me suspiciously as I hurry to the corner. If only I could sleep somewhere safe!

I am in a lock store when I see a girl. Her hands pick up a padlock and turn it over. Her short black hair falls in front of her face, but I can see her unsmiling mouth, her lips, as she inspects the lock. She is dressed in a white blouse and skirt. Her Converse are red. She looks up as she walks toward the counter, and she sees me.

"Hey! I know you! We were at that camp together!" Her lips smile. Her tone is friendly. "How you been?"

She looks familiar, but I haven't seen her before. "All right," I reply. "I'm living in the city with some friends. It's, um, been a while."

"Yes! Remember when you were waterskiing and let go too late and hit the shore right under that tree I was sitting in?"

I had a sudden memory of a sunny day, skidding over a flat blue lake and falling onto the sandy shore, someone laughing in a tree overhead. But it might not have really happened. I don't remember.

"Yes," I say.

Her dark eyes smile, and she continues, recalling the events with delight. "We played that survival game and I chased you for about fifteen minutes before I caught you and took you out of the game. Yes? We were on the same team for sports and we were both useless."

We leave the shop and go and have an ice cream. She does most of the talking, and I confirm her memories. "You're very laconic," she remarks. "You never were very talkative." We soon part ways and I return home to find Marcella hanging by her feet from the kitchen ceiling. "I bought another lock for the door," I say. "Things will be fine," she says.

Alex slouches in. "Did you get any keys cut for it? I see you didn't. We'll do it tomorrow, don't worry." He crawls out the window.

That night I am abducted but I sleep through it. I hurry back home and kick out the three men in my bed. I am merciless, although they complain. I have to sleep somewhere.

The following afternoon I meet her again. Her name is Sophie. We go for a walk and talk about camp people and their nicknames. Freak. Tombstone. The guy with the funny hat. We talk about ourselves and our lives. She is in university, and wants to be an ecologist. "Come and have supper at my place," she says.

She lives with her parents in a wealthy residential area. The pavement in front of her house is ripped up, leaving a gaping hole in the street. "They never get around to fixing that," she says.

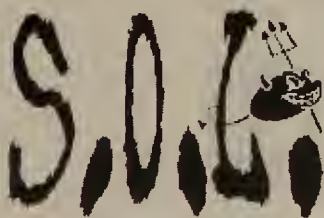
Her house also looks familiar. It looks like a house filled with secret passages, a large house, a comforting house. Maybe I dreamed about this house. It is a house I can be safe in.

We enter the entrance hall, and I hear her parents' voices from the living room. They greet me kindly, and her mother looks around the corner. We make supper in the kitchen, Sophie talking to her parents, who remain hidden in the living room.

After supper we go up two flights of stairs to her room. She says her parents do not care what she does. It looks like I will not sleep at home tonight.

Hard-Core, Heavy-Metal Grunge Lives On

by Diane Sidik



Collaborating with noted producer Cecil English, whose innovative work credits post-punk bands such as D.O.A. and No Means No S.O.L. have become a band worthy of their hard-earned fame. With the recent video release of their song "Now", from their debut album *Next Road to Albuquerque*, S.O.L.'s popularity is rapidly increasing.

For the brave and adventurous, check out these bands the next time they're in town. As Jean-Marc would say, "IN YOUR FACE!"

by Minesh Mandoda

Pavement can be compared to an early Fall mixed up with a bit of Velvet Underground Sonic Youth and a lot of humourous and catchy

Oh yeah, the show. Well it was amazing. Pavement was humorous and fun, just like their music. They played a bit of everything, which was fine by me and a lot of other fans who constantly yelled out requests from previous releases. From their old stuff they played "Box Elder" (which The Wedding Present covered) and also "Heckler Spray", which they opened with.

I missed **Slow Loris** entirely; this was unfortunate, since I heard they were just great. I guess I'll have to wait till next time.

Pavement (left) and Codeine (below) doing their thing at the Palladium.



Folk Rock, Anyone?

Alvy - *Some Assembly Required

by Diane Sidik



Toe-tapping, captivating folk rock, Alvy's debut album *Some Assembly Required displays genuine talent.

A collection that heralds six songs from their growing repertoire, Alvy entertains with caution that somewhat downplays their true merits. Though a fine first effort at production, some songs could've used more back-up vocals and a bass line that should've been brought up more in the mix.

"Too Many Times" whets the appetite with energetic zeal; Reid's voice carries a powerful note throughout the tune. His vocal abilities shine in the ballad "Here's An Ocean For Your Dreams."

*Some Assembly Required is an excellent introduction to this

young band -- seeing them live would definitely satisfy the palate. An act that has bravely invaded the Toronto club circuit, Alvy has already established a loyal following.

Except for "Carpenter's Son" by Carlos Gouveia (Electric guitar/ vocals), all other tracks were written by Reid Allan Jamieson (Vocals/ acoustic guitar). Coupled with the talents of Steve Barber (Electric/ acoustic bass) and Travis Hooiveld (Percussion), Alvy gives a tight sound.

Be faithful to the Canadian music scene and support these guys -- buy their album, see them live. I guarantee you won't be disappointed.

Swervedriver & Medicine

Opera House, Tuesday, Feb. 1, 1994

by Ken P. Chasse

I knew fuck all about Swervedriver. Experiencing them at the Opera house inspired no visions of God or Ronald McDonald, but my beer stayed in place. Kinda standard "wallnoise" English stuffy stuff, à la straight ahead pop. Enough of that.

There's more than just bad hair in LA's music scene: Medicine attempt to do what the Swirlies do - but at least the Swirlies are honest about it. Say the Swirlies: "Ya, we can get one or two songs out of every My Bloody Valentine song." Medicine are not so lucky. Living in the trash culture metropolis that gave us Snoop Doggy Dog and soulless poseur gangsta crap has had a more than slight effect on their music - or mebbe its just that they're not English, whatever.

Inserting many pop sensibilities into otherwise attempted drone & mope material comes off less than perfect, but inspires hope for their future material. Their two albums, last year's The Buried Life and 92's Shot Forth Self Living (Def American) are hit and miss. Brad Laner's mad-scientist method of writing songs supposedly inspired by extremely-name-droppable Stockhausen belies a simpler structure than even German proto-industrial. This is MBV-lite, folk -- but that's an oxymoron. Noisy melting guitars and waifish vocals are the formula for many bands following in the giant steps of My Bloody Valentine, and Medicine make a heartfelt attempt. But the pop "cheez" so apparent in their work doesn't fit into the serious aesthetic of the blissful-n-bleary UK set, at least not on these two releases. The more faithful tracks are more than passable, if not thoroughly enjoyable. Beth Thompson's voice, however, is a major problem

throughout the release: weak at the worst times, and relatively toneless at the best.

Live, they are much more languid and lazier than on their recordings. This in fact saves them quite well on CD - you realize this when the tempo drops to near nil in concert, and Beth's voice shows splitting at the seams even more so than in the drone of the CD. The pure range of a live show exposes her more than she can afford. Her manic brain-jarring dancing detracts from her live presentation as well. Trying too hard to be entertaining on stage and her hands have nothing to do: time to learn an instrument (start with the voice). Overall, it plodded along without any of the energy found on their CDs, making one sit (can't dance) and hope that the next song will be even faster than on the CD, just to make up for the rest. No such luck: stay home and crank the CDs while staring at their awesome cover art.

The Local Music Scene

by Minesh Mandoda

122 GREIGE..... Yes, it's a colour, but it's also a band. Describing themselves as 'unintelligible pop' in a NOW magazine band listing, the band doesn't do itself justice.

Their sound is quite unique: a mixture of Galaxie 500 and Joy Division. Basically, a mellow debris of sound with poetic and introspective lyrics.

So what more else is there to say except look out for their tape called New Year's Eve, and its release show at the Rivoli sometime in May with Made and A Tuesday Weld. This tape also includes their hit songs "Nova Scotia" and "Blue" (reprise).

Another local band that deserves a look-see is MADE with noisy guitar sounds and great drumming, spin out pop songs that just melt in your ear. They sort of sound like Velvet Underground meets Baiter Space, wow cool. Among Made's favourite bands are Spool (a London Ontario act; very Pavement sounding) and Galaxie 500, just to name two.

Made's new release is an independent tape called rumball, named after their guitarist's fancy over rumballs. This is definitely a cool tape so pick it up, if you can find one. Their upcoming show is at Sneaky Dee's on April 17th with Brill and A Tuesday Weld, an all-ages show, so be there.

Both of these bands are featured on an up coming compilation called Leisure Terrorists on Theta State Recordings. Leisure Terrorists will also include other Toronto area bands like A Tuesday Weld, Kat Rocket and Parts Unknown.

Things To Come....

(possibly to be reviewed in the Herald!)

mca presents

4 MAY CUB at Lee's Palace
16 MAY ROLLINS BAND at The Concert Hall
20 MAY JAMES and SLOWDIE at The Ontario Forum

cpi presents

7 MAY SHONEN KNIFE at Lee's Palace

SEXUAL MYTH #3

PEOPLE ONLY NEED TO MASTURBATE WHEN THEY DON'T HAVE A STEADY SEXUAL PARTNER.

- 1. Most women and men masturbate on a regular basis, whether they are in a relationship or not.
- 2. It's completely healthy to masturbate and it doesn't matter how much you do it, so forget the hairy palms myth!
- 3. Masturbation means having sex with yourself. It's not a substitute for sex with someone else or something that people do only if they're feeling desperate.
- 4. Masturbation is about exploring yourself sexually and finding out what makes your body feel good...it's not something you have stop doing if you have a sexual partner.
- 5. Sex with another person can be a beautiful, exciting and sensual experience. Sex with yourself can be just as beautiful, just as exciting and just as sensual!

Confrary to popular belief, masturbating has not been banned in Ontario.

If you would like to talk more about this with a peer counselor, call U of T's Sex Ed Centre's phone line: 591-7949

This poster is the third in the "Sexual Myths" series. Produced by Bold the Mission Productions and Jang for the University of Toronto Sexual Education Centre 1994.

SAC Rebellion Looms

by Peter Smith

INNIS (Invertebrate Press). Recent evidence suggests that a movement has begun with the aim of eliminating the SAC organization. Details are still sketchy, but rumour has it that the student councils of UC, Scarborough, Innis, and possibly even Trinity are looking for ways to secede from SAC.

Scarborough has petitioned to secede from SAC for two years running at the SAC annual meeting, but a suspicious lack of officials attending prevented quorum and no motion was able to be passed on the subject. SCSU members were reported saying that they were ready to attempt more covert and sinister tactics.

ICSS execs admitted that they were "examining their options" and would not rule out the possibility of leaving SAC. The Innis College SAC rep has not been seen or heard from so far this school year, leading the ICSS to believe that either SAC does not actually exist or that Innis College is the butt of some strange and cruel joke.

Part of the problem is that the average U of T student has no idea what SAC does. Even the president of the ICSS was unable to explain SAC's role in University life. With the recent scandals in the SAC executive, people are beginning to wonder whether SAC has outlived its usefulness. At least one SAC hopeful was planning an election campaign based on an "Abolish SAC" platform.

Dan Rochman, Social rep on the ICSS, however, pointed out that "You can't abolish SAC; there'd be no one to organize the bed races!"

Well, there it is.

A quote from our prez...

"Everytime I tell the story it gets better."

- Aaron Magney, ICSS President

The Rebirth of Innis

by Joyce Yee and Amandeep Dhillon

Gone are the days of, "You go to what college? Ha ha ha!" Thanks to the revitalized Innis Athletics, derogatory statements such as these will no longer be heard.

Through the hard work of this year's Sports Representatives (Men's: Dave Kim; Women's: Jean Vesik; Co-ed: Joyce Yee and Amandeep Dhillon), Innis has made its way back into the ranks of U of T Intramurals. In fact, Joyce Yee is the current chairperson of both the Co-ed Intramural Sports Committee, and the Campus Recreation Advisory Committee.

These reps have searched long and hard, and have finally found the future of Innis. Thanks go to this year's Frosh who have brought out the spirit we never knew we had. The upper-year jocks who have experienced our past glory have returned to share their wisdom with this new crop of talent. Together, this deadly combination of jocular has set the fire under Innis. The burning desire to excel has been apparent in all three divisions.

Take Women's Athletics: Although they experienced a minor setback through their inability to field a soccer team, they were able to fuel the flame with their prowess and aggression in all other areas. The ladies returned to place second in their basketball division. Thanks go to Natasha Thorpe, Melissa Jarrett, Penny Vavlekis, Joyce Yee, Jean Vesik, Ritu Khanna and Ruth for a most foul season. On to Women's Touch Football, The Single Most Violent Team to Hit Back Campus East! Placing sixth in their division, the women's football team saw a terrific season through to the end (No defaults!). A great deal

of appreciation goes to all the devoted early-risers: Julie Mori (Captain Extraordinaire), Gina "Crusher" Faccini, Melissa "Speedball" Jarrett, Joyce Yee, Ritu Khanna, Mel "Hit-n-Run" Hill, and all the other erstwhile players.

The Men's season started with soccer (this was actually a Co-ed team). Captained and coached by Bill Arnett, the team unfortunately defaulted out of the league. All members had lots of fun and presented a veritable challenge. Thanks are extended to the women's soccer team that joined the men. Recently, the Men's Volleyball team accelerated to a third place finish in their league. Thanks to all those who came out during the season, and a special thanks to the playoff team: Dave Kim, Sebastian Won, Trieu Nguyen, Ali Amini, Mike O'Brien Walker, and Amandeep Dhillon.

Last, but not least, the Co-ed Division. There have been loads of highlights throughout the year. The curling team, captained by Holman Wang and including Len McKee, Cara Webster and Melissa Pratt, finished their tourney with two wins and one loss. There was also the Co-ed Softball Tourney in late September. The team, lead by Andy Ling, battled furiously to finish with two wins and three losses. The team showed heart and character and everyone had fun on this early Saturday morning. The Co-ed division rounded off first term with the ever-popular Volleyball season. The team consisted of lots 'o' frosh and a core of upper-years. The results of their teamwork were three wins and two losses. Thanks to all of those who showed and a special thanks to Joyce Yee for co-ordinating this activity.

Now that it's the end of the year, we can all look forward to next year's events. Why not be a part of it? Come out and sign up on the Upcoming Events board beside the Pit.

INNIS HAPPENINGS

Orientation meetings for next year's Frosh Leaders -- it's not too late to get involved! Talk to the ICSS, room 116, or call them: 978-7368

shirts, hats, polar fleece -- all for sale at the ICSS office



Jon Zeidman and Peter Smith having way too much fun at the Innis Semi-Formal.

Principal's Nose Violated!

by Peter Smith

INNIS (Invertebrate Press, March 25th)

John Browne, Principal of Innis College had a finger thrust up his nose last night by a female assailant. Sometime between 10:30 and 11:00 p.m., the Madison Avenue Pub was rocked by cries of alarm as the forced entry occurred.

Mr. Browne was attending the annual Innis College Athletics Banquet at the Madison and at the time of the attack was the only faculty member remaining at the event. The assailant, a first-year Innis student known in Innis circles as Juli (next year's Women's Athletics Rep), was possibly the agent of a larger conspiracy.

The attack was part of a strange game or ritual known as "nose-pick tag". Once the digit was removed from Mr. Browne's nostril, he was then "it". John Browne rallied quickly, however, and almost immediately tagged Aaron Magney, President of the ICSS, with a strong right hook to the left nostril. Presumably, then, Aaron is now "it".

It is still unknown whether this event was an isolated incident or was initiated by the strange cult known only as the ICSS. It is known that members of the ICSS executive have been encouraging this strange ritual among Innis students. No charges were laid, however, so any extended investigation is unlikely.

The Back Page.....

Innis

within a hollow
there it was
life itself
in such a small place
but it was all I needed,
to see the rest
of the world
Such a little area
could show me so much
no one could have
brought me
closer to the
realization of life
I thank you all for it
I hope it will do the
same for others

- Anonymous

The
Innis Herald
IS A VERY
UNRELIABLE
PUBLICATION!



Deadline for Orientation Issue: Friday, July 15

(here's your chance to
corrupt the minds of
innocent young Frosh)

CORRECTIONS & CLARIFICATIONS

Dear Herald people:

I never said that Blitz called anyone a 'sellout poseur' - I said that he would call me an 'Innis Herald sellout poseur'. It was a joke-like, a sardonic, ironic, Gen X comment.

John Anderson

Deer Hairuld peepul:

I never called yu guyz "Innis Herald sell-out poseurs". John was - he says - joking (you know, like ha-ha-ha) when he said that I'd say that to him if I knew he wuz writing for you. I do know that. I didn't say it. Thanx for calling me "quintessential". I like that. I also like those of you I know. It's not your fault.

Also, I'm probably not writing for the Nu Edition no more. The music section is grreat, but the rest has been taken over by hypocritical, right-wing anti-feminist frat-boys and objectivists and sucks real bad and ain't the kind of thing I want my name linked with. Can I write for you guys?

Hmm. Guess that's all. You should review more music. You should either
a) take more -some?- drugs or
b) challenge reality independently (better, but hard)

Also you should retake the cafe. And get naked more often. And have parties with live music. And plan the fucking revolution, man, and not the bullshit one, the real one, the one that starts inside.

"It is not enough for theory to find its practice. Practice must also find its theory."

"They're all talking 'bout the round and round/But who's got the real anti-parent culture sound?"

Bye for now.

-Blitz

Do you think how you write
won't matter
in the world of work?

Think again.

Innis Writing Centre
Room 322 978-4871

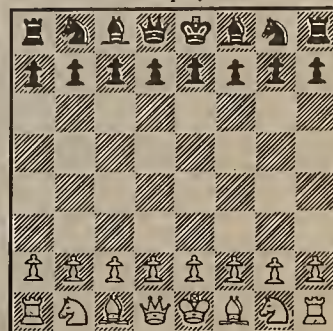
GOOD LUCK ON
EXAMS AND HAVE A
GREAT SUMMER!

- the Herald staff

CHESS

by Dick Varheight

White to play and win.



Answer: 1. d4, after which the
continuation should be obvious.